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SPEECH AT THE WHIG CLUB, &c.

PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.



not catalogued
Fox (Right Hon. C. G.)

A
SPEECH AT THE WHIG CLUB;
OR,
A GREAT STATESMAN'S OWN EXPOSITION
OF HIS
POLITICAL PRINCIPLES.
WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

AN ANSWER
TO
TWO LETTERS SIGNED "HON. ST. ANDREW ST. JOHN, AND ROB. ADAIR,"
PUBLISHED IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE OF MONDAY, DEC. 10, 1792.

A CONSOLING EPISTLE TO MR. F----,
ON HIS LATE ACCIDENT.

AN ADMONITORY EPISTLE
TO THE
HONOURABLE THOMAS ERSKINE,
ATTORNEY-GENERAL TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE ADMONITORY EPISTLE.

THE BISHOP'S WIG, A TALE.

ALL PUBLISHED ORIGINALLY IN THE SUN.

SOLD BY SOUTHERN, ST. JAMES'S-STREET; AND AT NO. 112, STRAND, OPPOSITE EXETER 'CHANGE.



MR. FOX'S SPEECH TO THE WHIG CLUB;

OR,

HIS OWN EXPOSITION OF
HIS POLITICAL PRINCIPLES.

Sold by Mr. RIDGWAY, for Two-pence.

WHAT! All this Speech for *Two-pence*? 'Tis portentous
That thus a Patriot Bookseller should mar things!
And is the *greatest Statesman* Heaven has sent us
Thus hawk'd about the streets for *Twice Four Farthings*?

(Line, RIDGWAY.) There appears to be something peculiarly apposite and becoming in the Selection of this Person, as the Publisher of this Speech.

(Line 1, TWO-PENCE.) This is the Price of this wonderful Oration, if sold by *Retail*. The *Wholesale* Price, as Mr. RIDGWAY advertises it, is no more than *Three Halfpence*.

A

Was

Was it for this Fox made his *Declaration*

5

Respecting State-Affairs and present Crisis ?

RIDGWAY ! methinks, for such a sage Oration,

Extremely base and paltry such a Price is.

Is't thus you dare to treat *Whig-Club* Debates, Man ?

Why, half the Members suffer'd in their Hearing

10

When Three-times-Three proclaim'd the mighty Statesman,

So *Great, Consistent, Firm, and Persevering.*

Poets are poor---yet gladly would I pay

Twice *Two-pence*, and twice *that*, for such a treat :

A Dinner may be bought another day ;

15

But such a *Speech* as this we seldom meet.

(L. 5.) The following is the Title-Page of this Speech :—*The Speech of the Rt. Hon. CHARLES
“ JAMES FOX, containing a Declaration of his Principles, respecting the present Crisis of Public Affairs,
“ and a Reform in the Representation of the People.”*

It is rather singular, that, from the beginning of the Speech to the end of it, there is not
a single word upon either of these Subjects.

(L. 12.) *Vide* Printed Speech, page 4.



Here

Here you have touches at the *Times* and *Measures*,
Drawn, like their *Tavern Bill*, from *Tavern Book*:
For, when he feels an ebb of mental Treasures,
Fox drinks a glass, then takes another look.

20

“ As to speak much is not my disposition,
“ Or of my great Exploits to make a boast,
“ I think,” quoth he, “ the neatest *Exposition*
“ Of my ideas, *is to give a Toast* :

“ So, *Here’s the House of Brunswick* ! Not so fast, Sir--- 25
“ My meaning’s deep, and worthy your attention :
“ I give the *House*, d’ye see, but not the *Master* ;
“ There’s reason for it, which I need not mention.

(L. 17.) Mr. Fox may literally be said to have *touched*, in this Speech, upon the *Times* and *Measures* : for, feeling himself obliged, as *Chairman* of the *Whig Club*, to find fault with both, (that being the Charter and Touchstone of his Party), he notices them as follows—“ The
“ circumstances of the *Times*, and the extraordinary *Measures* of which you have been
“ witnesses, demand, *perhaps*, of every *Public Man*, an explicit Declaration of his Principles.”
This is all he says about them ; and with great caution and discretion it is said.

(L. 18.) The Text on which Mr. Fox preached, was the *Minute Book* of the *Club*. The truth of the old Saying, “ *In Vino Veritas*,” was never better exemplified than on this occasion.

(L. 21.) *Vide* Printed Speech, page 5.

(L. 24.) *Vide* Printed Speech, page 6.

(L. 27.) Nor the *Master’s Eldest Son*, nor any of his *Family*.

“ Nay,

“ Nay, my good *Whigs of England*, do not frown ;

“ Do not, my worthy Friends, your wits bewilder : 30

“ I’ll give a *Toast* to wash your scruples down---

“ *May that same HOUSE never forget its BUILDER !*

“ These are the Principles I ne’er deserted.

“ Now fill again---I drink the Constitution,

“ According to the Principles *asserted*--- 35

“ I say, *asserted*---at the Revolution.

“ For, mark ! my Masters---here’s a nice distinction :

“ *Assertion*’s one thing, and the *Fact*’s another :

“ I fear our Schemes would meet a sure extinction,

“ Were we to fail the wicked Truth to smother. 40

“ *Th’ establish’d* Principles would mar our Plan ;

“ By them *PITT* guides the Helm, and *BRUNSWICKS* reign :

“ But bold *Assertions* prove the *Rights of Man*,

“ And prop the Cause of *Whig Clubs* and *Tom Paine*.

(Line 29.) *Vide* Title-page, where this Speech is said to have been spoken at “The Whig Club of England.”

(Line 32.) *Vide* Printed Speech, page 6.

(Line 43.) *Vide* *TOM PAINE’S Works*, *Passim*.

“ It

“ It follows, therefore, as a Cart the Horse, 45

“ That, next, *the People's Rights* should be propounded:

“ With them resides a Nation's *real* force;

“ On them *alone* the Government is founded.

“ For, since of Government the very end

“ We know, is Safety, Happiness and Freedom, 50

“ Let's pray devoutly Mobs may still attend,

“ Nor e'er forget their Bludgeons when we need 'em.

“ The *Toast* which next upon our List appears,

“ Comes in so pat, you'd swear 'twas made this minute:

“ *The Friends of Freedom!*---drink it with three Cheers, 55

“ For you, and I, and all, are mingled in it.

“ Our friends the *French* have perfectly defin'd

“ The *sort* of Freedom which we all admire---

“ To kick down Thrones, to plunder unconfin'd,

“ To pillage, rob, and set the World on fire. 60

(L. 45.) *Vide* Printed Speech, Page 7.

(L. 55.) *Vide* Printed Speech, Page 8.—In his introduction to this *Toast*, Mr. Fox employs a kind of Metaphor, about a *Tree of Liberty*. Does that Gentleman mean to go to the length of the *French* Idea upon that subject, or does he not?

B

“ Zounds!

“ Zounds! what a thought! all obstacles must yield;

“ Republic’s door will open at our knock;

“ I burn *to bleed like HAMPDEN in the field,*

“ Or lose my head like SYDNEY on a block!

“ What is’t ye stare at? Won’t you drink the *Toast?* 65

“ I surely did not slip, and talk of *Halters:*

“ That were indeed enough to check our boast;

“ The boldest Patriot at the Gallows falters.

“ No, noble *Whigs!* I talk of things long over---

“ Of Men, who idly *staid at home* to die: 70

“ When danger’s near, you wisely trip to *Dover,*

“ And hey! to *Paris,* there your arts to try.

“ But, least the vile idea I have started

“ Should damp your Courage---fill another Bumper:

“ May CAVENDISH and RUSSELL *ne’er be parted,* 75

“ But still support our *Faction with a Plumper!*

“ To

“ To their's I would have added BENTINCK's name,

“ But, d---n him, he's gone off to prop the *Throne*:

“ Some fancies about Loyalty and Fame

“ Make him, I fear, our Principles disown,

80

“ But what care I? my Sentiments are plain;

“ Already *Seven* have you fairly guzzl'd:

“ Now comes my *Eighth*---so fill the Glass again;

“ I speak it out, that no one may be puzzl'd.

“ *Never in adverse times my efforts slacken,*

85

“ *Nor yet in Good my Principles are lost!*

“ That is, let's rob, and roar, and Princes blacken,

“ Like bold Compeers of *Priestley, Paine, and Frost.*

“ And,

(L. 78.) This Assertion is strictly true; consequently that of the Reporter of Mr. Fox's Speech (*vide* page 10) is scandalously false. The DUKE of PORTLAND, though induced to dine with the Club, left it *before* Mr. Fox began his Speech. It is therefore a gross Libel upon that most respectable Nobleman, to assert that he joined, on this occasion, in the heart-felt acclamations of the Society. His Grace's Sentiments are too well known to make it necessary to enlarge upon this Subject; but it was proper to take notice of it, as one of those paltry tricks which are employed by an expiring Faction to keep up their Credit, and to impose themselves upon the Public, under the mask of great, dignified and consistent Characters.

(L. 85.) *Vide* Printed Speech, page 9.

(L. 88.) Mr. FROST, in addition to his *Kicking*, and subsequent *Consolation*, met with another indignity on his arrival at *Paris*. He went thither, as every one knows, to make a present

- “ And, if a time should come, when stubborn People
 “ Should kick against these great and sage Preceptors, 90
 “ *French* Friends will help to pull down Church and Steeple,
 “ And play at Chuck for Kingdoms, Crowns and Sceptres.
- “ While thus we think about the Constitution,
 “ Let each Man pledge a Bumper to his Brother---
 “ *May the example of One Revolution* 95
 “ *Serve to prevent th' occasion for another !*

present to the NATIONAL CONVENTION of an Address from HORNE TOOKE'S Society, and of a *Thousand Pair of Shoes*. Not being able to speak *French*, he found himself at a loss how to communicate the object of his Mission to the great Men to whom it was addressed ; and therefore bethought him of the expedient of paying his visits to them, with the *Address* fairly written, in one hand, and a *pair of Shoes* in the other. As these *French Lycurguses*, though anxious to legislate for *Great Britain*, are entirely ignorant of the *English Language*, they naturally enough mistook him for a *Shoe-maker*, who came to solicit a Contract. In consequence of this misapprehension, they availed themselves of the Rights of Man, and very scurvily misused and insulted this worthy Patriot : nor was it without considerable difficulty that at length they came to a right understanding of the matter. Then, indeed, their note and their manners were changed. *Citoyen Frost* was conducted with much pomp and ceremony to the *Convention*, where, having got somebody to read a Speech for him, he deposited at the Bar his Cargo.

(L. 95.) *Vide Printed Speech, page 9.*

“ Yet

“ Yet stay---methinks a doubt invades my mind

“ How far this Sentiment to us applies:

“ Should *PITT* the doctrine to his palate find,

“ Who knows the mischiefs which may thence arise? 100

“ Should he the Cause remember of my Fall,

“ And thence take warning to avoid my Courses,

“ *That Revolution* which must make us all,

“ Will ne'er with Place or Pension pay my Forces.

“ The case being so, I've only to observe, 105

“ On *Tom Paine's* Doctrine all our hope depends;

“ Knock down the Fences which the State preserve,

“ And level all which Monarchy defends.

“ I hail with ecstasy the glorious scene !

“ What floods of triumph roll upon my mind ! 110

“ Fill to the top---this *is* a *Toast* I ween---

“ *Here's Equal Liberty to all Mankind!*”

(L. 112.) *Vide* Printed Speech, page 15.

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(L. 112.) *Vide* Printed Speech, page 15.

The zealous *Whigs*, obedient to command,

Drink till they stare, and call again for more :

Nor does the Bottle quit their ready hand,

115

Till *Whigs* with *Whigs* lie tumbling on the floor.

Great Fox ! to thy superior parts I bow ;

Yet I've a doubt---and, faith ! I'll fairly hint it---

You *made* your Speech when *Drunk*---but tell me how,

When *Sober* in the morning, could you *print* it ?

120

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

Two Letters having appeared in *The Morning Chronicle* of yesterday, signed "HON. ST. ANDREW ST. JOHN," and "ROBERT ADAIR," the CONDUCTOR OF THE SUN, conceiving the notice and correspondence of such Gentlemen to be extremely honourable to the Cause in which he is engaged, takes the earliest opportunity of reprinting them. He is at the same time happy to subjoin to them, an *Answer* from the Writer against whose Publication they have been pleased to inveigh so bitterly; and he begs leave to express his hope, that, should they be inclined to pursue the correspondence, they will favour him with a Copy of their Letters, which, they may be assured, shall be immediately and thankfully inserted.

Dec. 11, 1792.

TO THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

SIR,

Although several Associations have been formed for the purpose of prosecuting the various Libels which have been of late so industriously circulated; yet, Sir, I feel it to be my duty to address myself rather to you than to any of these Associations, on the subject of a false, scandalous, and seditious Libel, which appeared on December the 8th, in a Newspaper, entitled THE SUN. I need not, Sir, apologise to you for the public manner in which this Letter is addressed to you; for in times like the present, the more publicity there is in the conduct of public men, the greater security the Nation has for the purity and integrity of their motives. Sir, as Attorney General, it is your special duty to be eminently attentive to all Libels indiscriminately, which may affect the peace, good order, happiness, and prosperity of the Nation; and perhaps, Sir, no description of Libel tends more to disturb that peace, to break in upon that good order, to destroy that happiness, and to annihilate that prosperity, than the traducing the characters of public men, whose eminent virtues and splendid talents entitle them to universal esteem. Sir, the characters of public men are public property, and, as such, are entitled to all the protection of the Law; and it is upon that principle, and not on behalf of Mr. Fox, but on behalf of the British Nation, that I
address

address this application to you. Sir, the Libel to which I desire your attention as Attorney General, is a Publication in *THE SUN* of December 8th, entitled Mr. Fox's Speech to the Whig Club—a Publication which tends to inflame the minds of the People against him, by stating that he is attached to the House of Brunswick, "*but not to its Master,*" meaning thereby His Majesty the King of England; by holding him forth as an enemy to the glorious Revolution of 1688, by attributing to him "*a Plan,*" which the principles asserted at that time "*would mar;*" by representing his opinion, "*that all legitimate Government is founded on the Rights of the People,*" as necessarily recommending Mobs and Insurrections; and affirming in his name, that the example of the French was "*to kick down Thrones,*" (thereby meaning the Thrones of these Realms) was "*the sort of Freedom which he, (Mr. Fox) admired;*" by stating him as desirous of bleeding, "*like Hamden in the field, or like Sydney on the scaffold,*" to overturn the Monarchy;—by representing him as leagued "*with French Friends,*" to pull down the Church of England; as levying "*Forces, to produce a Revolution in these Realms,*" on the doctrines of THOMAS PAINE, and to knock down the fences which preserve the State, and level all which defend the Monarchy.

Sir,

I have the honour to be,

With great respect,

Your obedient humble Servant,

HON. ST. ANDREW ST. JOHN.

TO THE ASSOCIATION AT THE ST. ALBAN'S TAVERN.

Sunday, December 9, 1792.

GENTLEMEN,

Having formed yourselves into a Society, the declared object of which is the security and happiness of all classes of your fellow-subjects, and having bound yourselves to each other, for the purpose of giving effectual support to the Executive Government, in counteracting the numerous efforts of sedition, and in detecting and bringing to punishment the persons concerned therewith, it is impossible to doubt, that, on all occasions which come within the view of your institution, you will conduct yourselves with strict impartiality, and with dili-

gent

gent and determined vigour. I should also conceive, Gentlemen, that you will be the first to applaud and encourage the exertions of all persons who, without inscribing themselves in your Society, may be equally disposed with yourselves to resist every attempt to disturb the peace, by the dispersion of seditious Libels.

When I look to the respectable names of which your Society is composed, I can as little doubt, that of those things which constitute the "happiness" of your fellow-citizens, you will place in the first rank their character and their honour; and that in these eventful times you will conceive the "security" of public men materially to depend upon the representation of their public conduct. ~~Forming~~ your institution upon large principles, adapted to the exigences of this period of large views and perilous speculations, in which, from the inflamed malignity of opposite and contending factions, the property of no man is sacred, the person of no man is secure, you will not hesitate to defend against all attempts to injure either, those eminent Statesmen whose lives are dear to their Country, from the sense that they have been devoted to its service. Gentlemen, it is at this, beyond all other periods, that His Majesty—that all orders of his subjects—that you, associating for those objects which your Declaration avows—that others, who, without deeming it necessary to join any Association, have the same objects no less at heart—must feel the most lively interest in the characters of such men; and it is upon these considerations of what I take to fall more within your duty than that of any other Society, that I recommend to your most serious reflections, and to your most active justice, the Printer of a Public Newspaper, called "THE SUN," who, in his Paper of December 8, 1792, has published a most false, wicked, and seditious Libel, against the Right Hon. C. J. Fox, purporting to be

"Mr. Fox's Speech to the Whig Club, or his own Exposition of his Political Principles"—

A Publication which tends to inflame the minds of the People of this Country against him, by stating, that he is attached to the House of BRUNSWICK, *but not to its Master*, meaning thereby His MAJESTY the King of England:—by holding him forth as an Enemy to the glorious Revolution of 1688, by attributing to him "*a plan*," which the principles asserted at that period "*would mar*;"—by representing his opinion, *that all legitimate Government is founded on the Rights of the People*, as necessarily recommending mobs and insurrections; and affirming, in his name, that the example of the French Nation, viz. "to kick down Thrones" (thereby meaning to include the Throne of these Realms), was "the sort of Freedom" which he

D

(Mr.

(Mr. Fox) "admired;"—by stating him as desirous "of bleeding like Hamden in the field, or like Sydney on the scaffold," to overturn the Monarchy; by representing him as leagued "with French Friends," to pull down the Church of England; as levying "forces," to produce a Revolution in these Realms, "on the doctrine of Thomas Paine," and to "knock down the fences which preserve the State, and level all which defend the Monarchy."

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most humble Servant,

ROBERT ADAIR.

No. 24, Great Marlborough-street.

ANSWER

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE LETTERS.

AND was its *Daddy* Fox, too roughly handl'd ?

And was it angry with the naughty Verses ?

Great Whigs ! however with my Humour scandal'd,

Take note, your wrath still more its gall disperses.

Associate Champions ! *Arcades* great *Ambo* !

5

Cantare Pares ! to support your cause,

Why vex yourselves about my harmless Crambo ?

Or why 'gainst me so fiercely shew your claws ?

Come ye *Ambassadors* to move compassion ?

Or do ye think to make our tears run faster ?

10

Lord help your heads ! my purpose was to dash on,

Not the great *Statesman* CHARLES, but CHARLES *Toast-master*.

When, in *St. Stephen's*, Fox is on his legs,

I know the rev'rence which my tongue should guard ;

But when he drains his Bottle to the dregs,

15

A little Criticism can't be hard.

“ In

" *In vino veritas*," is true and old :

If, then, your Leader in his cups is idle,
Ye wrong yourselves, my worthy Youths, to scold ;
You'd better put upon your Zeal a bridle.

20

You say, " The Characters of Public Men

" Are Public Property"---and well ye say :
It follows, therefore, that the Public Pen
Should freely its own property display.

Will Law prevent me using what is mine ?

25

Lawyers ye are, so give me your opinion :
Public are *Printed Toasts*, so I opine
On them 'tis fair to exercise dominion.

A Whig Club Chairman, when on Toasts he preaches,

I hold, is public property enough :
Fair are my Comments, then, upon his Speeches,
Whate'er may say the Corps of *Blue and Buff*.

30

You *both* are doubtless *Honourable Men*---

You, ANDREW, when your Leader form'd his junction,
As Under-Secretary figur'd then,

35

And of a ready Scribe perform'd the function.

Say,

Say, was it then you learn'd your graphic notion ?

Was this the style in which you wrote Dispatches ?

If so, how great the loss of your promotion,

When you and Fox were put below the Hatches !

40

You too, ADAIR, have *Dignities* sustain'd---

Sure ne'er can be forgot your famous *Mission*,

Nor the fine *Ring* your worthy efforts gain'd :

All these have stamp'd with Honour your condition.

Say then, my ST. JOHN ! why this strong exclusion ?

45

Why this so mark'd monopoly of Honour ?

Will *Bob's* partaking make so much confusion ?---

Should he not wear the Goddess, now he's won her ?

Amusing Writers ! full of Wit and Humour !

Say, have ye not both practis'd at the Bar ?

50

If so, I really should have thought you knew more,

Or might have better 'scap'd your Cause to mar,

Than thus to call MACDONALD from his task

Of tearing *Treason* from her secret hold ;

Or to a *Jest* his grave attention ask,

55

While *Traitors* all their damn'dest arts unfold.

Think you that WYNDHAM, fill'd with Patriot zeal,
On calls like yours can throw a thought away?
To guard the Realm he makes his bold appeal,
Nor stoops to *quirks*, when *Traitors* are his prey. 60

Is this the subtle Plan? Such thin devices
Doubtless much credit to the Party bring;
But know, great Pair! the present is a crisis
When BRITONS flock united round their KING.

In every breast, where Honour pure resides, 65
Where burns of Loyalty the gen'rous Flame,
The Patriot Call is heard, which fear derides,
Which prompts to vigour, and to virtuous fame.

What tho' *Whig Clubs* disdain the *British Toast*---
“ LONG MAY OUR GRACIOUS MONARCH FILL THE THRONE!” 70
That Sentiment is ever *England's* Boast;
Millions of Freemen stamp it as their own.

Millions of grateful Subjects, firm and brave,
Now rush, with heartfelt zeal, His Rights to Guard,
His and *their* Laws and Liberties to save, 75
And from his sacred Head the blow to ward.

Shall

Shall I, then, whom the fav'ring Muse has blest,
 Whose Heart with gen'rous Loyalty beats high,
 Who feel it as a BRITON's high behest
 His KING to save, or in his Service die--- 80

Shall I be daunted when such duties call,
 Or fear the Vengeance of a Faction's Crew?
 Ne'er can such terrors base my Soul appal,
 Nor can I, puissant Scribes! be scar'd by you.

Illustrious Youths! ye well your Zeal have shewn; 85

Together still your bold career pursue:
 You've toil'd to make your Leader's Cause your own;---

I've laugh'd at him, and now I laugh at you.

While hand-in-hand the steep of Fame you climb,

I, as the Herald, open wide the portal: 90

Your *Prose* does very well; but 'tis my *Rhime*

Which can alone your Merits make immortal.

I know that lovely in your lives you've been;

And that you're pleasant, your late Letters shew:

When living, then, together thus be seen; 95

When dead, together to Elysium go.

Then

Then will your Poet deck your Hearse with bays,
 And hang on either side your merry Letter ;
 Our Children's Children long will grin your praise,
 And *Ridicule* remain your lasting Debtor.

100

As the following Articles materially elucidate the Subject of the foregoing Poems, the CONDUCTOR of THE SUN begs leave to reprint them from the Newspapers in which they severally appeared.

THE ORACLE, DEC. 8, 1792.

WE have authority to contradict an incorrect statement (first published in some of the Morning Papers, and since reprinted in the shape of a Pamphlet) of what passed at the WHIG CLUB on Tuesday last. It is there asserted, that the Duke of PORTLAND was one of those who joined in the heart-felt acclamations with which Mr. Fox's Speech is said to have been concluded. The fact is, the Duke was not there when it was delivered. We can safely affirm, after thirty years experience, that the Principles of the Constitution, as asserted at the Revolution, have ever been his Political Creed, and the rule by which his conduct has been governed; nor do we hazard any thing in predicting, that the steadiness with which he has uniformly supported the different orders of the State, in their Religious as well as Civil Establishments, will not suffer him to be misled by the specious title of Improvement, to countenance the innovations of speculative Politicians, whatever may be the ingenuity of plausibility with which they are endeavoured to be imposed upon the Public.

MORNING

MORNING CHRONICLE, DEC. 10, 1792.

We have authority to declare, that the Publication entitled,

"The Speech of the Right Hon. C. J. Fox, containing the Declaration of his Principles,
"respecting the present crisis of Public Affairs, and a Reform in the Representation
"of the People, spoken at the WHIG CLUB of England, Dec. 4, 1792"—

and which is *partly* copied from the MORNING CHRONICLE of Wednesday, has most grossly misrepresented what passed at that Meeting. So far from declaring his Principles on a Reform of Parliament, Mr. Fox, although there can be no doubt that his Sentiments remain the same as ever, gave no Opinion upon the Subject. It is equally false, that the "Comprehensive Toast" with which Mr. Fox is said to have concluded the day, viz. "EQUAL LIBERTY TO ALL MANKIND," was either given, or proposed to be given, by Mr. Fox, or by any Gentleman of the Society, during the time that he, or the Duke of PORTLAND, continued in the room. The Toast with which he concluded was, "THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY ALL OVER THE WORLD," which Mr. Fox has seldom failed to give, either at that, or any other Public Meeting, and which was preceded by that of "VIGOUR AND UNANIMITY TO THE FRIENDS OF THE CONSTITUTION."

We can also take upon ourselves to declare, that no part of Mr. Fox's Speech at the Whig Club, as it was reported by us in the MORNING CHRONICLE, was disapproved of, or objected to, by the Duke of PORTLAND: the objections which have been made applied solely to the Additions in the above-mentioned Pamphlet, which were equally insidious in their tendency, both to His GRACE and to Mr. Fox.

MORNING POST, DEC. 11, 1792.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,

WHEN the Character of an Individual who aspires to the honest fame of Independence and Impartiality, has been unjustly attacked, it is a Duty which he owes to Himself and Society, to vindicate it from Aspersion.

As the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE has thought proper to state my Publication of Mr. Fox's Speech as insidious in its tendency to Mr. Fox, I beg the Public to compare Mr.

F

F.'s

F.'s Speech, as published by me, and also as published in the *MORNING CHRONICLE* of the 4th of December, and they will find them literally and exactly agree. It will then remain with them to determine on whom the charge of Insidiousness may be most properly fixed—on one who was eager to announce the real and liberal sentiments of Mr. Fox, or him who now seeks, by a subsequent denial of the authenticity of the Speech, and his own statement of it, in order to deprive Mr. F. of that comportion of Public Favour to which his manly conduct has deservedly entitled him.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

York-street, Dec. 10.

JAMES RIDGWAY.

MORNING CHRONICLE, DEC. 12, 1792.

It is certainly true, that in Mr. RIDGWAY's Pamphlet, the Speech of Mr. Fox is literally copied from the *Morning Chronicle*; and Mr. RIDGWAY would have had the thanks of every Friend to Freedom for putting that admirable Exposition of the Sentiments of the first Statesman in the world into a more durable shape than a Newspaper, if he had not *added* to it a Toast which Mr. Fox did not give, and which, in the present day of *determined misrepresentation*, was calculated to subject that Gentleman and his Friends to insidious calumny. The Paragraph in Monday's Paper speaks only of the *additions* made to the Speech; and we were in hopes, when Mr. RIDGWAY found that he had been imposed upon, he would have corrected his Pamphlet. To his personal allusion the Editor makes no answer.

A CON-

A CONSOLING EPISTLE TO MR. F----,

ON HIS LATE ACCIDENT.

AND so, thou'st got a Kicking, *Master F----*!

Good lack! that thus they *Jacobins* should treat!

Hard 'tis, thy virtuous Labours should be lost,

And harder still thou should'st be kick'd and beat.

I warrant me, the saucy Rogues had learnt

5

That thou *Sans Culottes* had'st return'd from France:

Doubtless with curiosity they burnt,

To see how bare-breech'd *Jacobins* could dance;

Therefore, with kind accommodating Toe

They play'd a jig upon thy parts below.

10

The Band, I'm told, was very strong and full,

All Scholars of that famous Wight, JOHN BULL,

Who feeds his Pupils upon Beef and Beer;

As JOHN with Breeches clothes his own Posterior,

He's apt to think no pastime is superior

15

To kicking the bare breech of *French Mounseer*.

They

They say too, gentle *F----*, while one performer
Employ'd his Toe to make thy Back-side warmer,
And on that region drumm'd a thorough Bass ;
His skill harmonic anxious to disclose,
Another seiz'd upon thy patriot *Nose*;
And play'd a Treble on thy suffering Face.

20

The Standers-bye applauding the *Duet*,
Another *Virtuoso* makes a *Trio* ;
When lo ! a Fourth completes the grand *Quartet*,
And Kicks and Tweaks fly round like Balls at *E O*.
The Concert now grown rapid and sonorous,
Like *Ancient Music* ends, with Double Chorus.

25

Perhaps thou'lt say, their Kicks were somewhat hard ;
If so, redeem thy Breeches, gentle *F----* ;
They're decent Cloathing, and thy Skin will guard,
And, if they're lin'd, the Kicks will half be lost.
For want of Lining thou need'st not complain,
Stock'd as thou art with Volumes of TOM PAINE.

30

Perhaps thou'lt say, that Fingers discompose,
And trouble thy Economy of Nose ;

35

Or

Or haply may'st opine it was a Grief,
Thus to receive a Manual Handkerchief.

Cherish no more these Murmurs gentle *F----* ;

Oft has thy Master, *PAINE*, been kick'd and tweak'd ; 40

Yet soon all Memory of his Wrongs was lost,

When to consoling *Jacobins* he sneak'd :

And t'other day, when on the Pier of *Dover*,

The ill-bred Rabble mobb'd the great Debater,

Presto ! be gone ! he quickly gets him over, 45

Transform'd from *Stay-maker* to *Legislator*.

You, gentle *F----*, his Fortunes then pursu'd :

Was you ill-treated by your Master *PAINE* ?

Or was you not with Murders much amus'd,

That thus to England you came back again ? 50

Or, tho' well-us'd to Riots at Elections,

Had you to Blood and Throat-cutting objections ?

I would not hurt your feelings, gentle *F----*,

You've felt enough, I think, in *Percy-street* :

But since your Patriot efforts here are crost, 55

Suppose once more to *Paris* you retreat.

With Tweaks Aristocratic well supply'd,
 Still smarting from the Stroke of English Toe,
 'Midst well-kick'd *Jacobins* your Sorrows hide,
 With them congenial Infamy to know. 60
 There vent thy Spleen, there safely bellow Curses
 'Gainst *Kings, Old England, and Consoling Verses.*

AN

ADMONITORY EPISTLE

TO THE

HONOURABLE THOMAS ERSKINE,

ATTORNEY GENERAL TO HIS R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IT can't be true---What ! ERSKINE fee'd by *Paine* ?

No, No ! the Calumny I'll not believe :

I'm sure thy Soul rejects it with disdain---

You'd blush a Varlet's wages to receive.

I need not tell you, in your veins there flows

5

Accumulated Dignity of Blood ;

Your conscious Spirit the distinction knows,

Which springs from such an honourable flood.

High in the Rolls of Fame your Fathers stand,

Loyal they liv'd, and loyally they died ;

10

A steady, brave, Aristocratic Band,

Their Kings' supporters, and their Country's pride.

ERSKINE !

ERSKINE ! to you devolv'd the sacred stream

Of spotless Honour and untainted Fame ;

Pause then in time, nor let an idle dream

15

Mislead your Worth, or stigmatize your Name.

Eagles beget not *Owls*, nor ERSKINES *Fools* ;

Prove then thyself legitimately born :

Frosts and *Tom Paines* may be Rebellion's tools,

But let thy Soul such base ideas scorn.

20

Nor to past times alone confine thy view :

Think *who* thou art, and *what*---'Tis worth thy while.

Say, ERSKINE ! is it fit *thou* should'st pursue

Phantoms which weak and needy fools beguile ?

I knew thee, when domestic want opprest,

25

When thy Paternal Eye with tears o'erflow'd ;

Yet Honour never left thy generous breast---

Thy Heart with Worth and conscious Virtue glow'd.

Rais'd by thyself to Wealth, to Rank, to Fame,

Think on the Pledges which demand thy care :

30

Thou'st won them nobly ; guard them then from shame,

Nor catch at Shadows which thy Worth ensnare.

Be

Be not by Lawyers' vanity misled,

Nor let the lust of Fees thy Soul pollute.---

Hast thou the *Volumes* of thy *Client* read ? 35

Mark how *his Doctrines* with *thy Station* suit.

I've heard thee boast, with high exulting tone,

The proud pre-eminence, the rich reward

Thou holdest from the HEIR of BRITAIN'S THRONE ;

Which binds thee, ERSKINE ! all his Rights to guard : 40

From Treasons vile his sacred Head to shield,

His Title to maintain 'gainst Traiterous wrong,

In his defence thy Eloquence to wield,

And all the Magic of thy powerful tongue.

Cans't thou then, ERSKINE ! so forgetful grow, 45

So lost to Fame, to Gratitude so blind,

As thus against thy PRINCE to aim the blow,

And join the meanest refuse of Mankind ?

Black as the deepest Hell which gave them birth,

And noxious as the Pestilential Blast, 50

Envious of others' Wealth, and Fame, and Worth,

They dared abroad their venom'd shafts to cast.

Shrouded in conscious infamy, and bold,

Bankrupts of Honour, needy, mean, and base,

To *Britain's* ruin bribed by *Gallic Gold*,

55

They dared old *English* Virtue to disgrace.

Foul Faction's cause to consecrate they tried,

To one low level all our Rights to bring :

While Laws Divine and Human they defy'd,

They GOD insulted, and traduc'd the KING.

60

Such is your *Client*, *ERSKINE* ! such his *Cause* ;

And such the *Duties* which your *PRINCE* you owe.

Your Fame and Conscience hang upon the pause :

Or quit your *PRINCE*, or *Thomas Paine* forego.

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE ADMONITORY EPISTLE

TO THE

HONOURABLE THOMAS ERSKINE,

ATTORNEY GENERAL TO HIS R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I FEAR my grave Advice was thrown away;

That, rashly spurning at Descent and Fame,

You still persist, in the full glare of day,

To stamp *Paine's* Infamy on ERSKINE's Name,

The Spirits of your loyal Fathers frown:

5

They steal from Bliss, to mourn their headstrong Son.

If sober Admonition has no force,

And Truth and Reason yield to *Paine's* Retainer,

Let's change our style, and take another course:

Good Humour never fails to make things plainer.

10

To

To shew you how your worth and parts I prize,

Your right to take *Paine's* Brief I'll not deny.

When *WHITE* withholds Retainers, it is wise

The Market on the other side to try:

For, when a *Plaintiff's* Guineas have been miss'd,

15

'Tis fair *Defendant's* Gold should grease the fist.

Else, where would Wife find cloaths, and Infants bread?

Would you on foot have well-wigg'd Counsel trudge?

Forbid it, Fate! young Ravens must be fed;

And sure no tender heart a Coach can grudge.

20

I only wish---for Carriage, Food, and Raiment,

That Character should not be given in Payment.

Besides, what think you will the Public say,

And what remark upon your Transformation,

When *Tom Paine's* Counsel, seconding young *GREY*,

25

Turns *Bottle-holder* to his Reformation?

Tom gravely tells us, " Parliaments are Fools,

" And they're as bad who think they can be mended;

" For as, to botch *OLD STAYS*, is wasting Tools,

" So Reformation is a Work ne'er ended.

30

" Down with them then," says he; " 'tis my Intention,

" To gauge the State, and set up a Convention."

As

As *Tom* has fee'd you to defend his Libel,
Say, *ERSKINE*! will you justify this Notion?
Unless you prove it true as Verse in Bible,
Your Client's sure of *Pillory* Promotion.
But you're too honest such a game to play;
I know you'll prove it e'er you faint away.

35

To young *GREY*'s Doctrine now incline your ear---

" A Parliament's of Wisdom the perfection:
" It's Dross and Refuse, let us join to clear;
" But to affect it's Essence, I've objection:
" I wish to prune some Boughs impair'd by Time,
" Merely to save it's Head and Trunk sublime."

40

Still farther goes your Leader, *GREY*'s assertion---

" I venerate," says he, " the Constitution;
" Treasons and Traitors are my fix'd aversion;
" I idolize the glorious Revolution.
" So to preserve all safe from *Tom Paine*'s storm,
" I move a mild and moderate Reform."

45

50

Now, ERSKINE, as without your Wig and Gown

You pledg'd yourself this Plan of GREY's to second,
Let me advise you coolly to sit down,

And calculate how far you've wisely reckon'd:
For some there are, who, from this Contradiction,
Doubt if on either Point you feel Conviction.

55

Nay, there are some, I'm sorry to report it,
Who think fee'd Tongues will talk on either side,
And where there's Gold sufficient to support it,

For Briefs will give up Fame, for Profit, Pride.
Now when this vile assertion I dispute,
The wicked Fact starts up, and I am mute.

60

That JOHN BULL swallows much, there's not a question;

He rarely boggles at a *single* Plumper;
But Contradictions stagger his Digestion;

65

And, ERSKINE! this we talk of is a Thumper.
To lay the matter plain and clear before ye,
Suppose I end my Postscript with a Story:

In

In *Kent* there liv'd a very sapient Knight,

Who, like great CURTIS, took delight in Angling;

70

His pastime was, on every Moon-shine night,

At his Pond's side to leave some Horse-hairs dangling,

Baited with Worms, and such like dainty Dishes

As suit the appetites of Pond-bred Fishes.

This innocent amusement pleas'd him rarely ;

75

For, as he snor'd, the silly Fish were caught,

And in the morning were suspended fairly,

And to his Table were at dinner brought.

But human joys are short and transitory ;

And soon were past the Triumphs Piscatory.

80

A Wag, who oft their practices had noted,

One silent midnight to the Pond repairs,

And seizing every Line as snug it floated,

Adapts new-fangled booty to the hairs :

Then close behind a hedge's favouring cover,

85

Waits for the treat which morning would discover.

With

With early dawn his course the Wight commences,

Draws his first Line, and sees a *Cod* suspended:

“ Bless me!” cried he, “ may I believe my senses?

“ As good a Sea-fish as was e’er commended!

90

“ ’Tis passing strange; nor can I form a notion,

“ How to my Pond he travell’d from the Ocean.”

With that he draws his second Line, when, lo!

A portly *Salmon* dangles in his view:

“ The Devil take me,” says he, “ if I know

95

“ How this got here; but that he’s here is true:

“ ’Tis ten to one, some passage he has found

“ To Pond from Ocean, underneath the ground.”

This bright idea soon remov’d his doubt,

The fact so pat with theory appearing;

100

So with bold hand he plucks his third Line out,

And drew to land a passing good *Red Herring*.

“ Odd’s blood!” cried he, the Cod and Salmon puzzl’d,

“ But now, I see, I fairly am bamboozl’d.”

So

So, ERSKINE! when you offer'd your support

105

To GREY's fantastic Plan of Reformation,

JOHN BULL first started at the strange report,

Yet soon conceiv'd you aim'd at Reputation:

But when he found you *Paine* to PRINCE preferring,

" D---n it," says he, " *I smell the sous'd Red Herring.*"

110

THE BISHOP'S WIG.

A TALE.

HE who in ancient Proverbs is well read,
Needs not be told, " Good Wine wants not a bush :"
The Proverb, though, applies not to a Head ;
There, I pronounce, it is not worth a Rush :
For as the inward store is small or great, 5
So is the Peruke which contains the Pate.

Man is a walking Sign-Post, on whose top
The Sign which notes the inward Goods is plac'd ;
And emblematic is the *Tye* or *Crop*
Of that by which the Post itself is grac'd. 10
Thus, Medicinal Virtue is express'd
By horse-hair *Cauliflower* with Powder dress'd :

And thus, the JUDGE's legal sapience glows
In a *full-bottom*'s deep descending fall ;
A scanty *Tye* the minor learning shews 15
Of BARRISTER parading RUFUS' *Hall* ;
While the *Brown Bob*, which Comb and Curl disclaims,
The crop-ear'd pert SOLICITOR proclaims.

But

But chiefly in the Sacerdotal Band
 Is shewn the force of Wig Subordination ; 20
 From the shorn DEACON, when he takes his stand,
 Or kneels with flowing Curls for Ordination,
 To the trim PRIEST, whose close compacted Caxon
 Circles his Cheeks, as if secur'd by wax on.

Not so the well-fed CANONIST, the wight 25
 Who after Vergers trundles to his Stall ;
 An ampler Bush, luxuriant, stiff and white,
 To rich pluralities denotes his call :
 Yet he, in weight and bulk of Hair I ween,
 Sinks into nought, compar'd to Mr. DEAN : 30

And he, tho' loaded with *three Horses' Tails*,
 Before the BISHOP vaunts no more his glory.
 Thus, thro' each rank, progression due prevails,
 And *that* at length conducts me to my Story.
Wigs are my theme ; attend when I proclaim 35
 The *Doctor's* prescience, and his *Barber's* fame.

Some time ago, it matters little when,
 A Reverend BISHOP died, and went to Heaven :
 Great was the wonder 'mongst the Holy Men,
 To whom the vacant Mitre should be given : 40
 While some express'd a doubt who it might be,
 Says *Doctor Consequential* to himself---'Tis me.

The Doctor's *ipse dixit* was conclusive :
 Some six or seven took him at his word ;
 For, to dispute it, would have been abusive--- 45
 He told his Wife to practise her *My Lord!*
 And, as he felt his Honours growing big,
 " My Dear," said he, " 'tis time to make a *Wig.*"

" Send for the Barber ; 'tis a shame to dally ;
 " And this old Caxon's such a shapeless thing ! 50
 " And, as you go, pray speak a word to SALLY---
 " Bid her some specimens of *Lawn* to bring,
 " And the best Sattin which the Shop affords---
 " One must be smart in this same *House of Lords.*"

Madam obeys ; and ere, with due decōrum, 55

The Doctor in his easy Chair was planted,
Razor with ready step appear'd before him,

And begg'd to know, if aught his Reverence wanted.

" TOM," said the Doctor, " think'st thou, thou can'st dish up

" A *Wig Episcopalian* for a BISHOP ?" 60

" Please you, *My Lord*, says TOM, " your Reverence knows

" How well your last Peruke your Phiz became ;

" It shew'd your jolly Cheeks from Ear to Nose,

" And join'd the Doctor's with the Barber's Fame :

" Be mine the task in *Lordly Wig* t'incase ye, 65

" The *Ne plus ultra* of Episcopacy."

" THOMAS," quoth *Domine*, " the bargain's made ;

" Quick let thy nimble fingers do their work :

" With Guineas Ten thy labours shall be paid,

" And thanks to boot ; or else I am a Turk." 70

Exulting TOM the Doctor's Parlour leaves,

Stretches the Caul, and the stiff Horse-hair weaves.

Morn after Morn, to *Razor's* Shop repairing

The anxious Doctor strides, the work to hasten :

Here he prescribes 'twere right to stick some Hair in, 75

And there, an amplitude of friz to baste in.

While *Domine* his criticism urges,

The plastic Hair into a Whig diverges.

But Morns bring Days, and Days are fair or foul ;

Foul was that Day, and cloudy was the Dawn, 80

When *Domine*, with anguish in his Soul,

Heard *Doctor Drowsy* had receiv'd the *Lawn*.

And, as misfortune's never singly come,

Just at that moment Tom his Wig brought home.

" Behold your *Lordship's* Caxon," cried the Shaver, 85

" Soft, silky, curling, like the Hair of Spinster ;

" Such work, *my Lord*, I speak it under favour,

" Ne'er graced or *Amen-Corner*, or *Westminster*."

" Fellow, begone !" replied the grim Divine ;

" The Mitre's *Drowsy's*, and the *Wig* is thine. 90

" Take

“ Take it to him ; he best can pay Ten Pounds,
“ Whom *PITT* prefers to mingle with the Lords :
“ No Bishop’s Wigs for me ; for blood and ouns !
“ D’ye think my Purse to pay such Sums affords ?
“ Fellow, be gone ! let Doctor *Drowsy* wear it. 95
“ Wife ! bring the Saline Draught---my Spirits cannot bear it.”

Poor *Tonsor*, discompos’d, in wrath retires,
His Work unpaid for, and his hopes abus’d ;
Schemes of Revenge his ready Wit inspires,
To vindicate his Fame, and Wig refus’d : 100
He sets to work *Solicitor* and *Proctor*,
And turns mean-while new batteries on the Doctor.

High on a Block the Reverend Wig he places,
With apt Inscriptions and Devices rare :
Broad grins distort of *Passers* by the faces, 105
Who chuckle o’er the Doctor posted there.
So ends my Tale.---The Barber keeps his Wig,
And Doctor *Domine* remains a Gig.

100

1871

1941-1942

[illegible]

117. On a Block the Flowering Wing is shown.

[illegible]

1914

Small, dark, and thin, and of the same color.

Secondly, the fact that the

And Roger Dwyer said:

